HOTEL AMÉRICAIN
Abbâs Hilmil Blvd. El Menhir, Egypt 8-6130-5 Cable: HASKELLOTELS

August 12

Dear Rose,

Here we are at the site, the same site that your father's expedition occupied almost 65 years ago, and things could hardly be any better. The weather is about average for the season - it'd be about 105° in the shade, if there were any shade — and aside from the occasional sandstorms, our camp has remained a merry one. Abdul and the boys are having a wonderful time, and we're all hitting it off just fine.

I guess it's true what they say about us all being brothers under the skin. Notwithstanding the archaeological importance of the find and the profits it may accrue, the greatest treasure I'll bring back from this journey is the wealth of understanding I've gained through our brisk cultural exchange of customs and ideas. The other night, for instance, I treated the fellows to their first omelettes, and you should have heard the exclamations with which they greeted this new culinary experience. For my part, I'm rapidly acquiring a taste for kumiss, a refreshing native beverage made from fermented

camel's milk. At first the flavor seemed strange to my western palate, but of late I've grown exceedingly familiar with it. In fact, I'm enjoying a stoup of kumiss right now. I shall be sure to bring you a bottle or two of this zesty concoction upon my return.

Of course everything can't be perfect. We've had a slight delay while we wait for the new navigation box to arrive. (I may have forgotten to mention in my previous letter that the old box became damaged just as we were setting out.) Nevertheless, such is the spirit of camaraderie and good fellowship here in camp that the boys voluntarily continued digging on the off chance that we might locate the pyramid without the aid of scientific instrumentation. This steadfastness in the face of adversity is truly heartwarming and I've rewarded the crew by giving them today off.

This has given me a chance to get off by myself and relax. The strain of command must be telling on me — just now, as I was sipping some kumiss, I began to feel lightheaded, and my knees buckled slightly. Or perhaps I'm just intoxicated with the awe-inspiring vastness of this solitude that surrounds me. In any case, I shall have to lay this letter aside for the time being, until this numbness leaves my hands and the landscape stops writhing around so violently... Hello again. I have been staring at the same grain of sand for last hour and have you ever heard it said

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that if you move one grain of sand you change the course of history? well here goes nothing— There, I done it, hope I've made the world a better place to live in..... My my ~~doesn't~~ don't I feel strange tonight I wonder what's come over me but wait!!!!! there was something very important I meant to tell you about this wasteland Oh yes now I remember Did you ever stop to think that T.S. Eliot's name is an anagram for "toilets"? I think I now understand what he was trying to tell us all, Rosetta——— must be the desertsuns played mischiff with my eyes for now as i gaze across the moonlit dunes who are in no way related to lorna dune i see theyve turned into crashing curling waves in an endless sea to shining see how they cast strange shadowshapes of wild arabian demons who are coming for me with my final summons in the kitchey with dinah or possibly its the kumiss thats causing these tiny little spots to dance and swirl before my eyes like grains of sand through an hourglass so are the days of our life savings blown on a hopeless expidision thats gonna get yors truly killed just so i can watch these spots as they grow and grow and get furiouser and furiouser

until theyre changed into gnarled blue men
about two foot tall with evilgrins behind their
twisting bristly green wiskers that hang all the way
to their shinnyshinshins as the three little pigs
used to say in Piglatin eeway eeway eeway all the
way home home on the range

where there's no place like home there's no
place like home is where the heartbreak of psoriasis
is that a shadow i see moving or cood
it be abdul returning cood it be mack the
knife cood it be desert sickness what cood it be
this cotton mouthed icysweating brainfeverish
rubberarms and legs and head for the hills
are alive with the sound of musicher and
Sicker may be it's something i ate guess
i shouldve left that last deviledhammeatball alone